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Ye Quaint Magazine



VOL. V.

MARCH

No. 3

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YE QUAIN'T MAGAZINE

For the Collection of Odd, Queer and Curious Things.

VOL. V.

BOSTON, MASS., MARCH 1904

NO. 3

THE NOON O' NIGHT CLUB

By J. WILLIAM LLOYD.

I was always dreamy and imaginative. Yet, strange to say, I was athletic, too. I enjoyed boating, I loved horseback riding, and I was just crazy about skating. Perhaps the reader will not think the term too strong when he hears the remainder of my remarkable tale.

In the winter of 18— the ice was perfect, and I gave myself up unreservedly to my favorite sport. I was a book-keeper, and obliged to attend to other matters, or I verily believe I should have lived on skates. I skated till late at night. I got up early in the morning, I hardly allowed myself time for meals. And when not skating my imagination was full of it.

The time was the night of the full moon. I had had a half holiday that day, and there had been a jolly crowd on the ice, but in the evening a great wedding, with a dance and barbecue, drew everybody away. The ice was deserted. Understand when I say "everybody," and "deserted," I in each case except myself. I did not desert the ice. It was one of those beautiful lakes not uncommon in the North. A rambling sheet of

crystal water, flanked with rocks and hills and dark woods, just outside of the village, in a little park. I skated as one in a dream. How lovely the ice looked. I felt light as a bird, or one of the puffs of ice-dust, cut by the multitudes of skates, which the fitful gusts of air whirled over the lake. At last I tore myself away, and went home, and to bed. But sleep was impossible. The moonlight streamed into my window. My nerves swayed with that motion sometimes felt after a long sea-voyage or car-journey. I closed my eyes, but only the more clearly saw the gleaming ice, the moon, the crisp snow, the white slopes and dark pines. I sang, but could think of nothing but a German skating song. I counted, and felt my feet strike out, one, two, three. I became desperate.

"This is serious," I said. "I am becoming a monomaniac. The hair of the dog is good for his bite they say, and I will go out again and skate myself tired if it takes all night. Perhaps that will cure me."

I dressed, grasped my skates, and in

another moment stood beneath the moon. How wonderfully bright it was! Reflection from the snow made the night seem light as day. Yet I felt strangely. Everything was so still. I seemed to be listening for something. I caught myself walking stealthily, and wondering whether I was asleep or awake, or could I be a little cracked on the skating question! My senses seemed preternaturally acute, yet all sorts of uncontrolled fancies coursed through my brain.

One of my skates fell with a faint ringing sound. I stooped to lift it, and as I did so thought I heard a whistling chuckle. I straightened, and there at my side, tremulous, semi-transparent, misty, and yet perfectly distinct, I saw a spectre. I knew it was a spectre, and remember distinctly that my first thought was, "Then it is all true, there are such beings." And so curiously does the mind work that my next thought followed, "If there are phantoms, then there must be an immortal life, or at least continued, conscious existence beyond the grave." You see I had been reading some materialistic books lately and their arguments had affected me a good deal. But surely no one ever before saw so strange a ghost. It was simply a skeleton, clothed indeed, but the garments were misty and vaporish, and I could distinctly trace the pale outline of the bones through all. The face was fleshless, though I felt rather

than saw a flickering phosphorescence in the depths of the eye-sockets. One of the gloved hands held in its bony phalanges a pair of skates, bright like clean steel, and yet uncanny some way, and I felt a temptation to poke my finger through them.

As I stood staring the spectre spoke:

"Beg pardon!—I am glad to see you are not foolish enough to be frightened. The Noon o' Night Club having taken note of you as an enthusiastic skater and a discreet young man, has commissioned me to invite you to attend their annual skate, which takes place in every December on the night of the full moon."

The tone was ceremonious, yet kindly, and withal a little quizzical, having, too, the same whistling quality I had noticed in the chuckle—open your lips wide and draw the air through the set teeth and you will have it. And I seemed to hear the voice, as well as all the other ghostly sounds that followed that night, by some inner sense. I fancied that to other mortals, if heard at all, they would be but meaningless wind-sounds.

"I thank you," I said, "but what is this Noon o' Night Club?"

"It is a society of jolly spirits, who meet on the night of every full moon to have some fun suited to the season."

"Pardon me!—I am only an ignorant mortal, you see, but most men would consider the meeting with a—a—"

"A ghost?"

"Well, yes, a ghost, as rather a warning not to go on the ice. I have read of spirits dragging men under and drowning them."

The spectre laid a bony digit against his *nasus osseous* and I caught a twinkle in the orbit.

"The kind of spirit that plays such pranks is bottled usually."

"I suppose so, but—"

"No buts!—come or stay!" and he turned away.

"Stop!" I cried, "I'll come!"

We walked on to the lake. What a weird sight! The ice was dark with phantoms, some no more substantial than pale smoke, yet all, like my guide, skeletons. In semblance there were Kanucks, Swedes, Samoides, Laps, Dutchmen, Russians and even Esquimaux. The toques and capotes of Canada were popular. And every kind of skate was there, from the newest Peck & Snyder to the old-fashioned "acorn," and queer foreign varieties from Holland, Russe or Norway. There were no ladies, which reassured me, for I felt that a skeleton lady would be a disconcerting spectacle. I observed one thing which some way remained in my memory as the strongest proof of the reality of what I that night beheld, that the moonlight, although it appeared to shine clean through these spectres, as sunlight through dust, yet after all there was substance enough to cast a real,

though faint shadow. Mechanically imitating my guide I put on my skates. Suddenly they perceived me, and with a cry like the sound of a strong wind came darting toward me. My companion said a few introductory words.

"Welcome! Welcome!" they shouted.

"Let's make him a member!—make him ride the goat!" shouted a tall one, making a rush at me.

Hardly knowing why, I dodged, and darted down the lake. After me they came in full cry, their joints rattling, their voices and breathing like a thin piercing wind following me. While I strained every nerve I could see over my shoulder that they skated easily, with all fancy capers and side-play, laughing and joking.

Suddenly, as if blown by a great wind, they all went flying past me, skating backward as if in mockery. Gaining perhaps a hundred yards in this way, with a quick, keen cry they came darting at me again, their eyes like fox-fires. It was too much—I fled again. I saw a form dart out from a projecting point of dark pines to intercept me. He stopped, holding out both hands. It was the tall spectre. In a desperation that was almost rage I struck at his ribbed breast with both hands, as if he had been a mortal adversary whom I would dash from my path. But instead of meeting resistance I went, nearly falling from my own impetus, right through him, as through a mist, feeling only a sickening

chill. That icy thrill cooled me in a moment, and again I fled, hearing his skates, and knowing that his grinning jaws were close behind, and that the others were following, skating easily, laughing, joking.

My heart sank. It was but too evident I could not escape. They were playing with me as a cat might play a mouse. Again the desperate feeling, and I turned doggedly.

"Gentlemen!"—when with a shriek of whistling laughter they all flew past me as before a hurricane, bones rattling, skates flashing, away to the other end of the lake and out of sight in an instant.

I was alone on the ice, the lake calm and still, the moon glorious above, and from the village, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, I heard the clock strike the hour of midnight.

What a blessed sense of relief came over me. Finding myself opposite the starting place I turned toward the shore, still congratulating myself upon my deliverance, only to be immediately startled and disheartened to perceive suddenly that a skeleton figure was skating along the shore before me—the bones stood out distinct and white, with a faint suggestion of phosphorescence. Undecided, I paused, and gazed about. At a distance of perhaps fifty yards below the first figure was another skeleton, and another the same distance above. Then progressively—as though my eyes

were gradually opened—I perceived another and another and another, until I comprehended that the entire lake was surrounded with a picket-line of skeleton skaters. The phosphorescence increasing with distance, those afar off, or in shadow burned like skeletons of fire against the darkness; their eyes gleaming and shooting rays like dull stars.

When these rays touched me, I shrank. My mental state was curious. I had no fear, or at least only little momentary thrills of it, but I was puzzled, bewildered, mystified, drawn by intense curiosity, and driven by waves of sudden repulsion. I experienced a sensation of constraint and narcosis in my nerves, an unreal, magnetized and hampered feeling, slight but definite, like that sometimes felt in dreams, or during a touch of fever—and withal something akin to enjoyment.

Perceiving myself surrounded I resumed my course. There was but one spectre there, and I had to meet them anyway. As I came nearer I recognized my guide. He had not been among my pursuers, and in a certain sort I felt assured of his friendliness.

"Well," he said, as I came up, "so you have been making a fool of yourself?"

"I suppose so," I answered, sullenly, "but it strikes me that your club is composed of a very ill-mannered set of rowdies."

The spectre regarded me with no visible expression on his fleshless face,

but I felt his amusement. "Look here!" he said, "you hit us hard, and I guess we deserve it, but we are not so bad after all. Human nature is pretty much the same with us as with you, and we are after a bit of fun. It tickled the boys to see you run. Now you are not naturally cowardly, or superstitious, and it's foolish for you to look frightened. The fellows want to make you a member, and ride you on their goat, and, let me tell you, are paying you a great compliment. Now then I will give you your choice. If you will submit to our installation frolics you shall have one of the queerest experiences mortal ever had, and the liberty of at any time joining in our monthly games on equal terms, and I give you my word that no harm shall befall you; or refuse, if you wish, and we will instantly become invisible and trouble you no more."

How contradictory is human nature, how persuasive are fair words. A few moments before my chief desire was to escape, but now curiosity prevailed, and I decided to join the club.

Instantly my friend gave a low whistle, like the sound of wind through a key-hole, which was caught up by the next picket and passed suddenly around the lake, and then came the whistling of wind which I now knew so well, and from all parts the skeleton-skaters came flying toward me.

"Attention!" said my friend, and all became quiet.

"You commissioned me," he said, "to extend to this gentleman an invitation to join our glorious Noon o' Night Club (here a whistling cheer), and he has accepted. Furthermore I have promised him that no harm shall befall him, which promise binds you all, does it not?"

"Ay!" was the unanimous response.

"Then proceed with your installation, and let no time be lost." All was instantly bustle and confusion and while some darted off, others invited me to exhibit my accomplishments as a skater. Upon my displaying some of my favorite figures they applauded generously. But still I had the feeling that had other mortals been present they would have seen nothing of the phantoms, and heard only a fitful, gusty wind whirling and whispering weirdly over the lonely lake. And, as if accompanying the wind, a rapid change was taking place in the weather; clouds were covering the sky, it was often quite dark, and the cold was less intense.

I was executing a very difficult figure requiring all my attention, when I suddenly became aware that my spectators had disappeared. Only my friend remained.

"Where have they gone?" I queried.

"Wait," he answered, sententiously.

I went on skating. It became very dark. Then strange things happened. A great white owl came and fluttered over my head. Then thirteen dark birds, which I took to be ravens, came

and flew around below the owl, so close as to sometimes brush my brow. The darkness and wind intensified. Strange lights like will o' wisps moved here and there over the lake. Animal forms, resembling immense black cats, prowled around. The air was filled with weird, inarticulate sounds, croaks, hootings, whistles, shrieks, formless words, sobs, laughs, groans, whisperings, all mingling with and forming part of the wild wind. I had always laughed at signs and omens, and I felt a grim amusement in all this dramatic weirdness, which was certainly very effective. Silent, phosphorescent, ghastly, apparently lost in contemplation, the spectre at my side remained waiting. Now the tolling of a bell came on the wind, and soon I could perceive approaching a most portentous procession. At first disordered, it finally, as it approached and circled slowly around me, took the following form.

Ahead of all flew the white owl, behind this the thirteen ravens, and behind these again thirteen black cats marched; all these creatures with eyes glowing like coals fixed upon me.

Behind these direful omens stalked a gigantic and grisly skeleton, cloaked in black, which it required no imagination to tell me was Death.

Behind Death, six spectres in mourning, carrying a bier with a great trailing pall, on which was an open coffin. Last of all a long procession of fiery skeletons.

Above all, audible but invisible, the tolling of a church bell.

The procession paused, the birds resumed their place over my head, the cats crouched around in a circle and the Black Phantom approached.

"I am Death!" he said. I bowed. I was not dismayed, but a spell seemed creeping over me, and I could not reply.

"It is all right," whispered my escort, reassuringly. Death fixed his burning eyes on mine, raised his bony arms, and made long, slow passes like a mesmerizer. I could not move. Strange, indescribable were my sensations. I became hypnotized.

* * *

I found myself in the coffin, on the foot of which perched the owl; the ravens clustered on the edges, while the cats sat around on the bier. The bell, which had stopped with the procession, now tolled again, the wind rose higher and the procession moved solemnly on. A wailing dirge, indescribably mournful in tune, but most ludicrous in words, though I cannot remember a syllable, was sung as the funeral procession marched around the lake. My trance deepened. It appeared that my spirit separated from my body. I sat up in the coffin. The procession stopped. I rose and stepped out.

I looked back, and there lay my body, pale and corpse-like, the skates still on the feet. My guardian spectre handed me a pair of the spirit skates, which I

fitted on. As I did so I became conscious that I was like my companions, a spectre, a skeleton.

They had been mischievously waiting for this, and greeted my horrified amazement with a shout of eldritch laughter. With the laugh the cats wailed and darted away, the ravens flapped, croaking, off in the darkness, the owl vanished with a hoo! hoo! Death disappeared. The six bearers trotted off with my inanimate form in the coffin, and only a hilarious crowd remained.

Not immediately perceiving the tall spectre, and seeing him a few moments later, I shrewdly suspected he had personated Death for my benefit.

Gay as my companions, I skated, jumped, laughed, made my breath whistle through my teeth, and was filled with delight to see how I could fly along

the ice. Mortal skating was nothing to this.

Suddenly a great shouting and laughing, and I looked up to see a huge skeleton goat, draped with long black hair, capering along over the ice, chasing after and butting at the spectres, who with loud cries of the goat! the goat! dodged him with much agility. Perceiving me, he made a great rush upon me. Having no time to dodge, and full of my new found lightness, I leapt high in the air, thinking thus to jump over him and escape. But the wily creature stopped, and backed so suddenly that I came down exactly astride of his back with my face to his tail.

With a great shout the crowd fell upon us and bound me fast in that absurd posture—my legs under the goat's belly.

CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.



ONE OF YE QUAIN T PHOTOGRAPHERS AT WORK.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

By DR. WILLIAM M. OGDEN



I.

Shakespeare, the great dramatic sage,
Noblest of life's portrayers,
Whose thoughts are read from age to age,
Hath said, "This world is but a stage,
Its men and women merely players."
What game shall then stand highest, best,
That e'er earth's weary ones possessed?
What royal game crowns all the rest
With intellectual light?

II.

No game, our loyal hearts confess,
Has reached the acme of success,
Or stands "par excellence" like Chess,
To charm time's speedy flight,
Through science, skill, not chance or fate,
Comes the denouement called "checkmate,"
Athletes of mind their zest abate.
The battle then is ended.

III.

The combatants then cry, "Well done."
The field is gained, the victory won,
The whole is comprehended—
We bow to Thee, O Thou great King,
Whose fascinations 'round us fling
The dews of Lethe's stream.



IV.

Charmed by the game, life's trials, woes,
Dimly recede, their presence grows
A half-remembered dream.
Then hail to Chess! let Shakespeare tell,
In Tempest* of Miranda's spell,
That charmed Prince Ferdinand whose fate
Closes the scene in marriage—Mate.

* ACT 5. SCENE 1.

YE QUAINt MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

OUR MOTTO: "TO BE DIFFERENT"

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A. W. Rideout

7 ST. PAUL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Publisher

Finding this notice marked you will understand that your subscription expires with this issue.

Entered as second-class matter June 16, 1903, at the post office at Boston, Mass., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Quaint Philosophy

By OLD QUAINt Himself

"Poverty is no disgrace"—but it's d—d inconvenient.

I like to listen to the rain on the roof—especially if it's time to get up.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." And hurry is the hand-maiden of failure.

To seek revenge puts you on a level with your adversary—to scorn to take it raises you above him.

We hear a good deal about success now-a-days, but the man who can define it has not yet arrived.

Fame and glory may be desired by some, but give me two dollars and a half a day and a quiet life.

There is a law of compensation that will take care of the matter. Go your own way in peace and trust the law.

"Wine is a mocker and strong drink is a raging." And there is no language fit to print that will describe the cigarette.

Robert Burns said that "Man was made to mourn," and my old friend Josh Billings added that "Woman was made to be kissed."

"Blessed is the man who has found his work," says somebody; and I say thrice blessed is the man who gets a chance to play some.

Advertisers who are eternally on a hunt for attractive display should turn their attention to the large expanse of space furnished by the ladies' hats at present.

The mere acquirement of money does not constitute success, although I am willing to admit that it is money that accelerates the speed of the female equine.

"Do it now," says one metaphysical magazine, and another says, "Wait. He who learns to possess his soul in patience will win." "You pays your money and you takes your choice!"

ASTROLOGY

Conducted by Dr. Deralli,
Scientific Astrologer, Hotel Pelham, Boston

Lucky and Unlucky Days for March, 1904.

These predictions will not fit into every life with accurate details. They are safe predictions from planetary relations and will be found helpful and in the main correct. Of course to get at an individual experience, and to take advantage of precise work, a chart of each person must be studied.

1. Fairly good. Better for planning than for acting. Early part of the day is best.
2. Full moon. Bad position of Mars. Discretion will be needed lest an act be too impulsive.
3. Bad day. One of the poorest in the month. Do as little as you can when there is any wish involved. Not good for dealing with other sex.
4. Better. Safe if careful. Better for talking than for writing.
5. Rather poor. Move quietly.
6. Third Sunday in Lent. The stars also today teach lessons of self denial, prudence, tact and care. Very poor for business. Women may be morbid.
7. Bright, excitable, dangerous if impulsive. Safe and good with wisdom.
8. Better for men than for women, but good for the sisters if they don't get excited and say something.
9. The day is like some people, not big but fairly good and will bring good results in a reasonable way.
10. Like yesterday. Don't attempt too much.
11. Better. Upon the whole pretty good as the day advances. Start things.
12. Like yesterday.
13. Fourth Sunday in Lent. The conjunction of the moon with Saturn forbids important acts, especially socially.
14. This is much better and can be used in any legitimate manner.
15. Better still. Safe for acts or decisions.
16. Same. Go ahead.
17. New moon. Fairly good. Mind will be very active. Keep cool.
18. Wide awake day. Your ventures being conservative will do well. Good day to complete things. Make them effective.
19. Another safe day. Particularly so for a new business plan or for any important acts.
20. Fifth Sunday in Lent. The influences are generally quite good and safe all day.
21. The square of moon and Saturn are not favorable for marked social attentions or important business acts.
22. This is much better and can be used in all legitimate ways.
23. So is this. Things seem harmonious.
24. Mixed influences all day. The poorer predominates.
25. While not strong it is well enough for ordinary acts. Be careful of your health along here. Don't be afraid of fresh air or sunlight though.
26. Nothing special.
27. Palm Sunday. Socially fine. Of course you won't do business today. Why not join in the chorus?
28. Rather slim. You won't accomplish much. Better keep quiet.
29. This is better, but rather dull.
30. Same.
31. Bad. Five (5) reasons for it.

Weather for March.

The first four days will be marked in several sections with severe storms, bringing a cold wave towards the east.

The next week is more regular with some disturbances, but more of cloudiness than real storm.

The twelfth to sixteenth, inclusive, will bring gales, rain, snow, sleet and wind.

The new moon at the close of this period should bring warmth, but heavy storms of wind and rain, destruction to trees through sleet and also to wires. All along for another week we are liable to have destructive weather, a nasty month. The closing portion hastens another blizzard, with sleet and everything that goes with a stormy March. Travel and comfort will be interfered with. In fact it's a month that has but little of pleasure out of doors.

APRIL, 1904.

1. The month opens well for business and social purposes. There will be no planetary objections for strong purposes, and their fulfillment. Don't speculate!
2. Equally good with yesterday. In some ways rather better. Good for travel, moving, or almost any good act.
3. Easter Sunday. In spite of the Holy day, the indications are not very good, either with the weather, temper, or the influences. Try and live above the influences, and in harmony with the day.
4. The influences are not marked in any direction. A negative day which does not suggest important decisions.
5. A first-class day in every respect. There is but one danger—that of being too hasty in a word or act.
6. You may be restless, but make no marked changes. Your mind will be unusually bright, quick to perceive. Eyes are made to see with.
7. A poor day to begin an important transaction. You will be tempted to do something out of the ordinary line of things. Don't.
8. Something like yesterday. Bright, but dangerous if you get excited. Keep cool, and be safe.
9. "How pleasant is Saturday night when I've tried all the week to be good." Good day. Wind up the week well.
10. Sunday. If you could not wear your Easter hat last Sunday, wear it today; it will look just as well. But don't do any business. The conjunction of the Moon and Saturn forbid this, and is not thought to be very favorable on matrimonial proposals.
11. A fine day for business of any kind or for social uses, one you ought to use to its highest purposes.
12. Another good day. Push things right along.
13. Not quite so strong—but good enough.
14. First rate in the forenoon—petering out towards night.
15. A new moon in a good place. A fine position of Saturn, and I should take hold of things vigorously. You can start a thing here that has been previously discussed.

16. Another fine day when your mind will be very bright, and where things will trip along in fine shape.
17. Another Sunday, and if you work or get into mischief, Satan and the parson will get after you. The square of the Moon and Saturn is a bad influence.
18. All right for any honest purpose.
19. Same as yesterday.
20. Another good day with scarcely any drawback.
21. A very doubtful day. Four bad relations to overcome, all suggesting quiet, stability and conservatism.
22. As featureless as some people are.
23. Not a very good Saturday. Don't speculate. Keep calm. Do as little as possible.
24. Sunday. The Moon is opposed to Saturn. This is a very bad influence. Do as little as possible, and keep out of mischief.
25. Monday, opens well. You can start in good and strong, only don't speculate.
26. A safe day for conservative and well-considered transactions. Safe to travel.
27. Poor. Bad to plan. Bad to execute. Don't scold. Don't get excited.
28. The same cautions for yesterday will hold today.
29. Good up to early evening when a full Moon stares you in the face and preaches the Gospel of Don't.
30. Winds up the week with a poor day and with every inducement to keep as quiet as possible and take no risks.

The heavy storms spreading over so many sections in the last few days of March will continue into April. Very cold weather becomes softer and quick changes of temperature. These will continue until the 11th or 12th, when a new storm will move eastward, with all kinds of April weather.

Beginning about the 15th more trouble comes of the same kind, followed by colder days and nights.

From 20th to 23d a warm spell, but several quick transitions. Showers are had here and there.

The last few days of the month will be warmer, but will develop floods and damage westward and southward. Probably a very rainy month.

The Delights of Nudity



"BLOWING HERSELF."

Sent by QUAIN'T reader, Miss Benedicta Bergquist, Helsingborg, Sweden.

SURE THING.

"Do you know what I can take for indigestion after dinner, doctor?"

"Yes; pie."—Yonkers Statesman.

I cling to that perhaps fanciful theory that no primitive instinct of man is altogether lost. It is modified, amplified, refined; that is all. With all our culture we are barbarians still. Man is a clothed savage. And now and again he delights in doffing the clothing and returning heartily to savagery. How delightful the feel of the briny breeze and the boisterous wave on the bare pelt! Mr. Edward Carpenter rails at the, I think, eleven layers of clothing that intervene between our skins and the airs of heaven. Walt Whitman reveled in his nude sun bath. What a treat, too, sometimes to get away from the multicoursed dinner and to bite downright audibly into simple food in the fresh air and to lap water noisily from the brook! Well, walking perhaps is the primal instinct, ancient as Eden, where the Lord God walked in the garden in the cool of the day. And if my theory is correct, walking will persist till in recovered paradise man walks with his Maker again. No mechanical contrivance for locomotion will extirpate the tribe of tourists, of those who walk from love of walking.—Arnold Haultain, in Atlantic Journal.

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BRIEF BOOK REVIEWS

I believe that book reviews should, as a general thing, be short and to the point. What is wanted is a brief hint as to what the book is, and then you will be able to judge if you are interested in it.

The Western Empire: (Los Angeles, Cal.) A large magazine of twenty odd pages devoted principally to California. It is profusely illustrated, has a wealth of intensely interesting matter devoted to "The Golden State" and the West. The snowbound New Englander ought to find it delightful reading and anyone thinking of visiting or removing to the Pacific coast will get much valuable information from its columns. The yearly subscription is 25 cts. You can have a sample copy free.

Wayside Tales: (Chicago, Ill.) A large, handsome periodical of some one hundred and thirty odd pages regulation magazine size. It is primarily a short story magazine, but contains a large amount of other exceedingly interesting matter. Mr. S. E. Kiser, author of "Love Sonnets of an Office Boy," etc., has a department, "The Oracle of Mulberry Center." "Acquiring Good English" is another interesting and valuable department by Mary Richards Gray. Mr. John N. Crawford writes in the March number of Thackeray and Dickens. The short stories are all of the very best. The cover design for March is timely and very beautiful. Taken all together it is immense value for 10 cents, \$1.00 per year.

Medical Talk for the Home: (Columbus, Ohio.) I have commended this publication before in this department. It seems to me to be by far the best periodical devoted to health and hygiene that is at present being published. The editor is C. S. Carr, M. D., and to read his answers to correspondents is an education in good health. He is not afraid to call a spade a spade. The magazine has no axe to grind, but is run with the single purpose of dispensing truth in alopathic doses. It is published at fifty cents per year, and is better worth a dollar than any periodical of the kind I know of.

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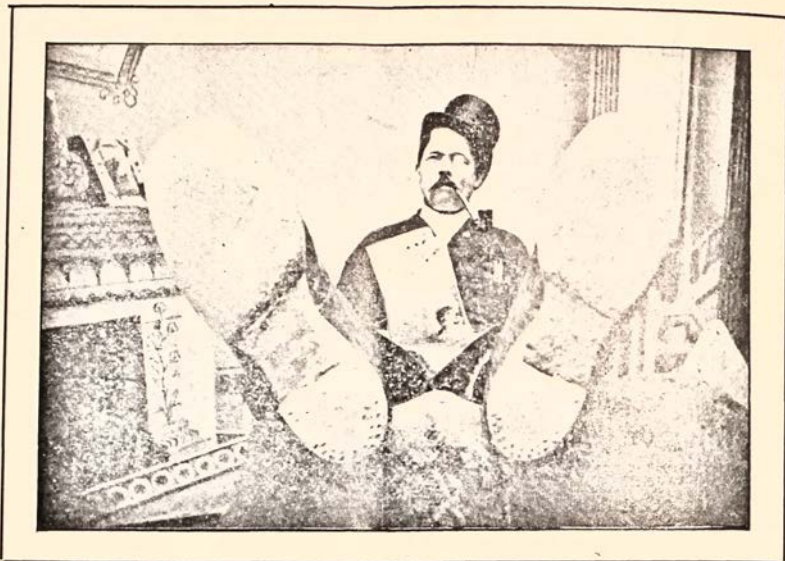
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The above ingenious "freak" photograph was taken quite a good many years ago before the invention of the

"dry plate" had made amateur photography possible and popular. It was contributed by "Quaint" reader Mr. E. P. Gerould.

PICTURING THE HORRIBLE.

I wish to file a kick against the practice of many editors who persistently feature the horrible, the gloomy, the melancholy news and bury under small heads and in obscure positions the bright and cheerful happenings.

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For a minute.

Husband? Well,
Please don't tell.
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Makes him mind;
Goes to bed
When he's fed.

—The Progress.

NO NEED.

They were sitting in the parlor of the pretty little cottage.

"Darling," he whispered, ardently, "we are rolling onward in the car of love."

"Yes, dear," she whispered, nestling on his broad shoulder, "and we don't need any conductor to say, 'Sit close, please.'"

Only the autumn cricket disturbed the stillness.—Exchange.

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A PITCHFORK FOR YE QUAIN'T.

Hoggenbottom, Maine,

Feb. 21th, 1904.

Mister Editur of Ye Quaint Magazine.

Dere Sur: My darter Jane she cum luggin' hum one of your magazines t'other day thet a friend giv her an' wuz all took up with the idee she seed in it 'bout not eatin' meat ef ye wanted ter keep well and live ez long as Methusela. Sed you wuz a boomin' what she called vegetarianism.

Jest coz she's ben off an' got a book edercashun she's always spoutin' 'bout new hifalutin ways of livin' an' eatin' better'n her ma's an' mine an' jest dotes on treein' some new ism.

Wal, when she opened up on this bran fired new wrinkle 'twuz the last straw, an' I perceeded to call her down a peg. I up and told her my father 'n' gran'father 'n' the hull tribe of Horn-cobs for more'n a century hed been solid Unitarians, an' I hedn't got no call ter vegetarianism or any sich outlandish perfesshun. No, gosh all hemlock!

Unitarianism wuz good enough fer me, flesh pots or no flesh pots.

Jane's got a good disperzishun, she hez, an' she quieted down an' only sed sorter cold an' acid like 'twant that kind of an article.

An', sez I, the old articles of faith sich as old Deek'n Stringbeans giv round in Bible class when I joined the

Another

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church, is wuth eny ten of all the new fangled kinds yer can turn up ter beet 'em with yer cabbage hed nonsense—on vegetableism an sich Nebuchadnezzar-like trash. Giv me, sez I, a good spare rib outen a four hundred Chester White ter grease my cabbage.

Neaow, Mister Editur, I s'pose yer mean well with yer scare pints on dead tisshew, an' yer figgers an' tables, an' yer insinnernashuns consarnin' roomatism an' dispepsha, all on account of eatin' critters, but there haint no sensiblye country fellar goin' ter swaller it, nor let sich sinetifick fol de rols hist one side the good old tried standbys of our fathers an' forefathers; an' give up the very muscle & sinnew of livin' coz of a city chap's gassin'.

I tell ye, it's the country thet's giv our land its presidents an' generals an' ministers an' poets. Yes, I swan! Rite up in the Eastern hills an' Western valleys, where pork an' beans, an' mutton an' beef wuz the heft of eatin' wuz these famus men growed thet made our country an' nashun what it it. An' our grandads that fit & bled with Washington, an' us that went ter the front when Abe Lincoln called. I jest want ter call ter yer mind they want brung up on fruit and serials.

No, sir, twuz the men thet et the meat of woods an' farms ez did it, an' sum of 'em wuz tougher'n knots, too.

Neaow, Old Quaint, you jest reflect an' kinder chaw on the facts I've set

afore ye, an' git more lamb-like an' not so all fired cantankerus on the savory-smellin', good tastin', nurishin' meats thets listed Uncle Sam ter where he is.

Yer well wisher an' feller countryman,
Jerryboam Horncob.

P. S. Excuse my poor ritin'. I've hed rumatic feelin's in my shoulder ever since I got wet t'other day.

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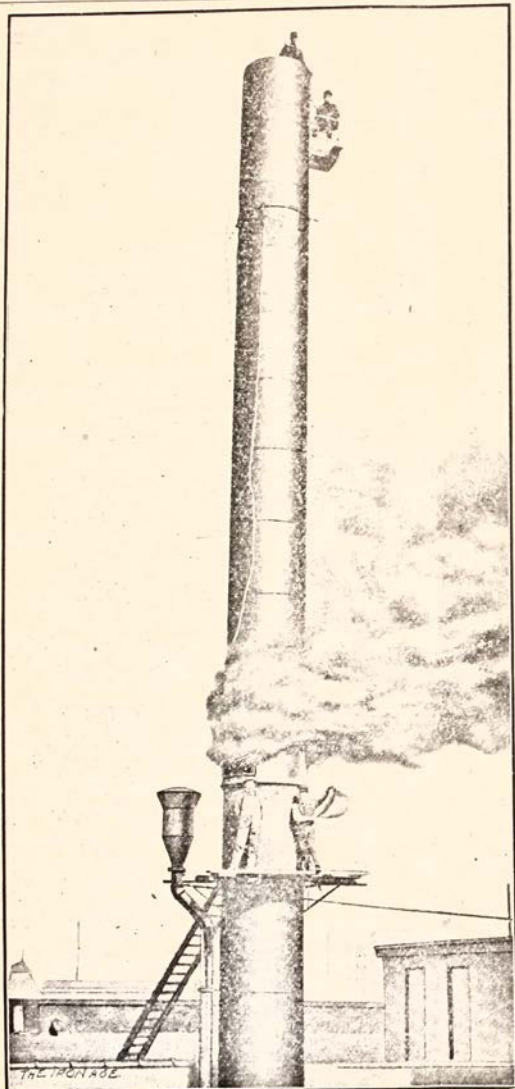
Lengthening a Smokestack While in Use

This striking picture represents a successful attempt to lengthen a smokestack without stopping the fires and shutting down the plant. A damper was placed in the old stack a few feet below the top and two holes were cut in the sides a short distance below the damper. This permitted the escape of the smoke and gases, and the workmen were able to rivet the previously prepared sheets into place with but little difficulty. The stack is connected with the Century Building, Indianapolis, Ind., is five feet in diameter and one hundred and seventy feet high. We are indebted for the use of this picture to *The Iron Age*, New York.

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Richard Youngblood was out hunting in Montana and lariatied his pony beside a mountain stream while he lunched. Just as he got his fire started, a large elk appeared on the opposite bank. Seizing his rifle he brought him down and crossed the stream to stick his game. As he turned to recross, he stepped upon a large mule-eared rabbit, killing it. This so incensed him that he threw the dead animal into a bunch of sage brush, killing 14 speckled grouse and a sage hen. Just then he noticed something trickling down a small tree near him and discovered that the ball which killed the elk had pierced a small tree where a swarm of wild bees had settled. To bring his canteen and fill it with honey was the work of a few moments. He then carried the elk across to his campfire, but stumbled in the stream, getting his boots full of water. When he pulled off his boots to pour out the water, he found 17 speckled trout a foot long in each boot.

All this happened in Wyoming during the President's tour.

USED TO IT.

Jonah was giving the details of the episode.

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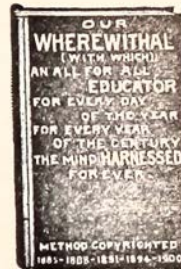


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